

A
S E R M O N
O N T H E
D E A T H

OF THE R^t. HONORABLE
A N T H O N Y
E A R L O F H A R O L D

P R E A C H E D

At the Church of St. PAUL in BEDFORD
The 29th of September 1723.

Before the CORPORATION and GENTRY
of the County

By THO. PARNE, M.A. FELLOW of Trin.
College CAMBRIDGE, Chaplain to his late
LORDSHIP.

C A M B R I D G E

At the UNIVERSITY-PRESS.
MDCCXXIV.



(18)

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A. M. T. O. N. Y.
F. A. R. O. L. D.

At the Court of the City of New York

JOHN P. FARRELL
Clerk of the Court



Lud. Cheron Del.

NE PRÆSIDIUM & DULCE DECUS

J. Gribelin sculps.

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE
MARY
COUNTESS OF HAROLD
BARONESS DOWAGER LUCAS OF
CRUDWELL.

MADAM,

THE last Commands which
I received from my late
Noble Lord and Patron were, that
I should take the first Opportunity
of Preaching before your Ladyship
and

The Dedication

and Him. In obedience to these, I had designed to treat of True and Substantial Religion, Christianity put into Practice; the Reputation and Satisfaction attending it in this Life, the Glory that will Crown it in the Next. In this I was sure, that tho' I could advance nothing but what one Part of my Audience had given noble Proofs that they were abundantly convinced of; the Rest would have the Advantage of seeing all I could say illustrated in the Examples before Them.

But I was unworthy of this Honor, and Providence was pleased to offer a Subject for which I was less prepared; the Loss which
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the Kingdom in general, many Noble Persons, and your Ladyship above all others suffered. To say something on this, was to fall in with the Universal Regrets of the Public; and especially of those whom I most valued, those who honored, or what is the same, knew my Lord HAROLD.

But tho' my Inclination, and the favorable Prejudices wherewith it was like to be received, led me to pay this last Testimony of Duty and Honor to his Lordship; the concern I was under made me the least fit for it. I had lost in Him the Friend of my Youth, whose Countenance and Generous Favors made me dare

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to be the little I am; and gave me Hopes of something better in Reversion: who in the ten Years in which I had the honor to know Him never occasioned me an uneasy Reflexion.

And so strong and lasting an Impression had this grievous Accident made on my Mind, that tho' in honor to the Subject, I would, if ever, have affected Correctness, there will, I am sensible, appear in this Discourse too much of that Emotion and Inaccuracy where-with Surprize and Sorrow are wont to dictate. However so easy is it to please in that which is suited to the Disposition of the Audience, that this attempt met with
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the same Reception as if it had been something worthy the Subject.

I venture now to lay it before your Ladyship; when the Consolations of Reason and Religion have had some time to take Place, and render that more tolerable which reminds you of your Loss. I presume upon your pardoning great and many Defects, in that which was intended to do honor to one so justly dear to you. If I shall in any thing seem to merit your Ladyships Approbation; if I have given some, tho' but a faint, Resemblance of what the Lord HAROLD was, if what I have endeavored be but esteemed, as it was sincerely meant, a Monument

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nument of Duty and Affection to Him, whom I above all things on Earth loved and honored; it is all I was Ambitious of.

That God, who only can do it, may make up this inestimable Loss to you; that you may live long with Honor and Improving Felicity; and at length meet your Dear Lord where He is greater and happier than He could have been here; shall be the Prayer of

Your LADYSHIP's

Most Dutiful

Most Humble Servant.

THO. PARNE.

Isa. II. 22.

Cease ye from Man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?

WE A K and frail as we are, subject to change and full of Imperfection, we are apt to presume too much upon our selves; to place our Admiration and Trust on those who stand on the same sandy Precipice. To obviate this Infirmary of our Nature, to lessen its irregular Effects, the Holy Wisdom of God hath frequently reminded us of the incertainty of the Tenure by which we possess every thing here: That our Life is liable to be shortned by a Thousand Accidents, and when most extended, is but of an inconsiderable continuance. We are commanded to withdraw our Regards and Esteem from that which is so Transitory, which whatever it is, will soon be no more. *Cease ye from setting a Value on Man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?*

Men are wont to glory in their Strength, the Activity of their Limbs and Vigor of their Constitutions. They are willing to think, that whatever becomes of the weak and distempered, they themselves are secure of many Years and long Enjoyments. But above all we are apt excessively to ad-

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mire, to be proud of those Bodies, which seem to have been formed in a finer Mold than the vulgar. Many are the Arts which we use to improve and shew the Advantages which we have, or to make Semblance of those which we have not. Was Old Age but thought of, it might make us sensible of the little Esteem which these Things deserve. For soon will a decayed Appetite and trembling Joints, dim Eyes and a wrinkled Visage over take us. But we are not liable to gradual Decaies only: A sudden and violent Distemper doth often seize and oppress the most Healthy and Vigorous. We see them tormented with racking Pains, feeble and spent, and at last expiring with Cold Sweats, Convulsions, and Groans. Soon do the finest Features vanish, the most Blooming Aspect grows Pale, the Rivulets of Blood stagnate, and the Eyes are for ever fixt. How are the sweetest Lineaments that ever adorned the Human Composition changed? The whole Countenance, which We once beheld with Love and Admiration, becomes Ghastly, and is distorted into an Horrible Grin. If any thing remains of the Person that was so much valued, it must now be blended with common Dust. For no sooner is the Body forsaken by the Soul but it becomes a Prey to Corruption: and its nearest Relations and most intimate Friends, are glad to get rid of it, by committing it to the Earth.

We may be possessed of Excellencies of a Nobler Kind; of a Bright Imagination, Happy Judgment and Improv'd Faculties. But these also as suddenly Perish in the same Common Ruin of our Nature. Let us view those who were just now the Pride and
Glory

Glory of their Age, when the Hand of Death hath seized them. Behold the Wit and Eloquence that charmed Mankind, with Beauteous Descriptions and Moving Perswasion; it falters, it languisheth. That Solidity of Thought and Judgment which measured the Heavens, and searched into the Depths of Nature; it is now Ignorant of its own Condition and of those about it. That vast Capacity which considered and compared the Transactions and Revolutions of distant Ages, and managed so many and various Affairs; it is rambling into Deliriums and Inconsistencies. That Happy Invention which gave Birth and Improvement to Arts and Sciences; it hath forgotten its Excellencies, it hath lost its Faculties, and is no longer in any thing superior to the Irrational Part of the Creation. And now the Soul is fled. Behold We the remaining Body, a senseless unactive Lump of Matter.

There is something splendid in a great Fortune or Station, but a little Consideration will Prevent our being dazzled with it; will enable us to see the Paint and Deceitfulness of those Gilded Scenes which amuse us. Let Wealth impower Men to command all that the World affords Elegant and Pleasing: let their Power be such as to over-run whole Countries with their Armies: and make the Fortunes of Thousands to depend on their Pleasure: let them be compassed about with a Croud of Admirers and Flatterers; and let it be Proclaimed every where before them, *Bow the knee.* Dust they are as well as the meanest Mortal; and to Dust shall they return. And then they, who thought the World too little for displaying their Power and Magnificence

cence in, must be confined to the Narrow Dimensions of a Grave. And soon, very soon will the Loftiest Head be thus laid low, and all its Glory be for ever extinguish'd. Many who held the Reins of the World, and of those that were nearest to them in Grandeur, have died in our Time. Their Power is no more, and they themselves sleep neglected in the Tomb. In how little a Part of their Dominions lie the latest and most Illustrious of our Princes? a Name and Glory in our Annals is all that remains to the Invincible *Marlborough*. And lest any thing should sooth the Vanity of Human Ambition, Time will prey upon the very Memorial of them; will demolish the Statues and Trophies, and deface the Inscriptions, which Gratitude, Custom, or Flattery hath honour'd them with. *Cease ye from Man, whose breath is in his nostrils: for wherein is he to be accounted of?*

But are all manner of regards to our Selves and Others to be absolutely laid aside? must we be perfectly insensible, of any Advantages which we have above Others? is there to be no distinction of Persons, or Deference paid to them? This cannot be. It is impossible to bring our Selves, to such a Temper: nor if we could, is it Decent or Reasonable that we should do so. We may value our Selves, and we ought to value Others for whatever is Excellent and Extraordinary. We are blameable only when we over-rate our Selves and Others, when the Esteem we have for any thing here leads us to what is Vitious and Faulty.

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The Advantages we are possess'd of, are apt to betray us to Vanity ; to make us fond of Praise and even Patient of Flattery. Pride and a Contempt of Others is the Natural Consequence of too full a Sense of our Eminence and Abilities. And so bad a Consequence it is, as some times greatly to overbalance what we value our Selves upon. The Health we enjoy flatters us with long Life, and makes us faultily sollicitous in Providing for it. We may, Alas! too many do carry their Regards to the Great and Powerful so far, as to prefer the pleasing them to a good Conscience, their Interest in God and Eternal Welfare. We frequently so raise our Affections towards that which is amiable and extraordinary in Man, as to forget his Perishing Nature. These are the Effects of a Mistaken and Extravagant Opinion of Human Condition, and are best prevented or rectified by considering its Frailty and Mutability. If this be duly reflected on, it will teach us, not to be puffed up with that which can distinguish us but a little while ; to be moderate in making Provisions for a Life which is of no great continuance ; to court Human Favor by no Irregular Methods ; nor greatly to depend upon it, when obtained with Innocence and Honor.

Pride was not made for Man : we foolishly vaunt our Selves in those Excellencies, which, like the Flower of the Field, fade with the first malignant blast ; which so very soon become as if they never had been. If they now gain us Approbation and Praise, it is from Mouths that shall be quickly silenced : it is Applause that will soon vanish in Eternal Oblivion. Behold the next Age shall know

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little of you; succeeding Ones shall be Ignorant that you ever were at all. If your Fortune be Plentiful, your Station Eminent, you have many present Advantages: But you are too much exalted by them, if they incline you to a Contempt or Neglect of those who want them. For all Conditions will in a little Time be levelled: We must sleep together in the same Dust, and have all equal Pretensions to what ever shall come hereafter.

But how little soever an over-weening Opinion of our Selves becomes Creatures so frail and mutable; our Conduct is still more Absurd, when we make immoderate Provisions for so short a Life; when we spare no Pains, forbear no Methods just or unjust in procuring them. Surely they that do thus, forget that they are Mortal. They could not otherwise be so passionately fond of that which they cannot enjoy: so insatiably desirous of what they must so soon leave. Yet such there are in great Numbers, Men of all Others most unpardonably inconsiderate. For how little in reality do our wants require, and what should we do with more than is necessary and convenient for the performing our Course? Ask the dying Man what delight he now takes in his full Bags and large Estate; he will own that he nothing values them. If he got them by unworthy Methods, you will overwhelm him with Shame, and Silence and Remorse. And will it then be a sufficient, or any Recompence that He hath enriched his Heirs; hath left an Abundance to such as will perhaps never thank Him, for what with infinite Labor, and the Hazard of his very Soul, He heaped up for Them.

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Need we after this to say, that we should not be unduly sollicitous to gain the Favors or avoid the Displeasure of the Great and Powerful? It is indeed not only Prudent but Decent to oblige them, whilst they expect nothing from us inconsistent with Piety, Justice or Honesty: But what should tempt us to the Violation of these? *Who art thou*, saith God by the Prophet, *what little and inconsiderate Spirit, that thou shouldst be afraid of a Man that shall die, and of the Son of Man that shall be made as Grass, and forgettest the Lord thy Maker?* Whom do ye flatter in their Vices, indulge in their Passions? to whom do ye offer the mean Incense of unworthy Compliances? Are not they, whom ye thus fondly court, Men of few Daies like your Selves? Their Favor can never make you any tolerable Recompence, for the loss of Innocence and of the Friendship of God. Dare we then to despise what ever Advantage, if it must be obtained by a Crime. If Men are offended at us, for adhering to our Duty, they may be so soon removed, as to prevent its being any Prejudice to us, or make it very inconsiderable. For when they are dead *their Love and their Hatred and their Envy is Perished; neither have they any more a Portion for ever, in any thing that is done under the Sun.* But whatever we suffer by it, it can be but during our short continuance here. And if we lose Life it self, the Work of Nature is only something hastened, which always tends towards, and often drops abruptly to a Conclusion. We have enough to comfort us, if our Cause be such as can approve it self before the Everlasting; who could have afflicted us with the
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forest miseries in this Life, could have killed, and after he had killed had Power to cast into Hell.

But the World is not yet so degenerate, but that there are still some more greatly Eminent in Virtue than in their Fortune and Stations. Whose Favors may not only be possessed with Honor and Integrity, but are as much for the Reputation as the Advantage of those on whom they are conferred. When such as these scatter Blessings on the Public and are particularly Auspicious to our Selves, may we not fix something of Reliance on them? Alas! we may not. Hear the Psalmist vehemently warning us against it; *O put not your trust in Princes; nor in any child of Man, tho' the Best and Greatest, for there is no help in them.* For when the *Breath of Man goeth forth, he returns to his Earth and then all his thoughts*, however favorable to our Designs, and solicitous for our Advantage, *Perish*. On this account, even what best deserve our Regards, Virtue Goodness, and Noble Dispositions, are with Danger admired. For since they are not fenced against the Common Accidents of Mortality, they may be suddenly taken away; and leave us overwhelmed with more insupportable Grief, than any other of the Calamities of Life could possibly affect us with.

This we have been taught, by too sensible an Experiment, in the Sorrowful Resentments which we have all felt, which we feel, for the Loss of our *Harold*; of whom we had the most promising hopes, that he would have been a Second to our *Carteret*, an Example to the rising Virtue of our *Bedford*: that he would have been remembered to the Honor
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of our County to many succeeding Generations. *Cease ye from Man, whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of?* If any thing in Man might be safely esteemed, this Noble and Excellent Person had in him, all that could raise the General Reputation in which he lived, the Universal Regret wherewith He is fallen.

He was of a Candid and Dispassionate Temper: Genteel and Modest in his Words, Manly and Noble in his Actions: Sincere and Constant in his Piety to God, Just and Generous in his Carriage to Men. There was something promising in him, as in the Morning of a Beautiful Day, in that Season of Life in which we first begin to pass a Judgement on Men. An early Care had been taken to secure his Innocence, by forming his Mind on the Principles of Virtue and Religion; and the Piety that bestowed it had its Reward. We sometimes see with Regret, the Youth who were educated by the exactest and most Prudent Rules, recoyling upon the first Sense of Liberty, and unhappily flying out the Contrary way. They indulge themselves in a Thousand Irregularities, and scarce return to a just Opinion of another kind of Conduct, till Age or Adversity stop their Career, and force them to Sober Considerations. It was not so in this Noble Lord: He persevered in that Sobriety and Sanctity of Manners, in which he had been brought up. Our University which too often suffers from the loose Morals of those who are above Discipline, saw Him, and the Noble and most promising Youth his Brother, Eminent in every Thing that is great and commendable. His Brother——alas, that I should have so sad an Occasion

sion to remember what a Friend I lost before, what this great Family, and the Public but too lately suffered! whilst our Society was honored with their Company, they were for constancy in their Studies upbraiding Examples, even to those who were to make their Fortunes by Them. They with great assiduity Prosecuted Polite and Curious Learning; and far from desiring that their Greatness should intrench on the Orders of the Place, They in their Course gave us some Performances which shewed the Application of Scholars, and the fine Taste which is almost peculiar to Men of Quality and Breeding. And what is more uncommon, they entred into researches of a more Abstruse and difficult Nature, in which the Great *Cotes* led the Way, whom they followed with surprizing Diligence and Happy Success. Nor did the Improvements which they made at all swell their Minds, or over-heighthen their Opinions of themselves; they shewed nothing of Self-conceit or Vanity, but rather seemed the only Persons who were insensible that there was any Thing extraordinary in Them.

From us this Noble Person went to receive those finishing Touches, which Travelling gives to a Polite Education. In his way amidst a Number of more Important Acquisitions, He added much to a fine Collection of Books and Beautiful Designs. Had He lived to execute these, our County had seen something second to the Buildings as well as the Gardens of *Italy*. With the Arts and Policies of Foreign Countries He brought Home none of their Vices: He returned the same Modest and good natured Gentleman. We saw nothing of defiance in his looks,
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obtruding or pretending in his Behavior: He was above meddling with the Affairs of Others, or rashly censuring their Conduct: never open or easy in admitting the Suggestions of Flatterers, and Informers. With the nicest regard to good Breeding in his own Expressions, He could still bear with Plainness in Others; and was above taking notice of the little Affronts and Disgusts which are so commonly given, and taken in Conversation. He knew all that belonged to his rank, without assuming it; in Company, as He was often the Greatest, He was always the most Humane and Obliging. And perhaps there never was a more convincing Instance, that where Men have real worth, the not insisting on all the Respect that is due to them, gives them abundantly the more.

I would indeed amidst the bright Circle of Virtues wherewith He was adorned, single out this, not the Greatest, but a very amiable One, his Humanity; a Virtue which from its Name, one would Imagine to be general, or at least very common amongst Men: and it is pitty there should be many Instances to the contrary. Yet such we sometimes meet with; Men of mean Origin, and incomparably far less in Station than the Personage we are speaking of, shall assume Airs and Distance, which they have no tolerable Pretensions to; and which a Man of Quality and Sense would be ashamed of. When a Favor is conferred in the Ill-bred and ungracious Manner in which such Men bestow it, tho' we may be contented to receive it, we cannot help heartily despising the Givers of it. Far distant from any thing like this was this Noble Lord. For he had a great
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Soul and abundance of good Sence and Breeding; had seen the World, and knew what Men naturally expect from one another.

It is a small thing in his, and indeed we should think it a small thing in any ones Character, that He used Mankind well. It shews more of Goodness in his Temper, of Generosity in his Inclinations, that He was ready to forgive, easily reconciled to those whose Imprudence had disobliged Him. But at the same time that He treated all, with that easiness and sweetness, as if He made no Distinction of Persons: He served his Friends with such Readiness and Zeal, as if all his Regards and Affections were peculiarly reserved for them. When any that had the least Pretensions to his Favor made a modest and suitable Request, if it was not in his Power to Gratify them, He was sure to oblige them as much in the kind and pleasing manner of shewing them He could not. When He might do what was desired, He was far from thinking, that because his Condition set him above the Necessity of Labor, He was only to divert and amuse himself. He was ready to bestow any Pains, and to forego many things which his own Ease and Conveniency required for the effecting of it. And however considerable the Benefit was, the Readiness, Pleasure and Decorum, wherewith He did it, was always infinitely a greater Obligation than the Thing it self. We shall find none his Superior in this lovely and endearing Quality, and very few of such Rank and Eminence, any thing like his Equal.

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In his Private Oeconomy, He managed all with that Singular Prudence, that it was surprizing how so many Handsom and Generous Things could be done. How like a River He refreshed and watered all He passed by, without any Diminution of his own Grandeur. But it is Vice that is of all things Expensive, which makes Men of Quality even fordidly run out those Estates, on which their Ancestors lived with Hospitality and Splendor. This Lord appeared in nothing beneath his Rank, but had too much Sense to measure Greatness by gaudy shew and unnecessary Expences; or to rush into Luxury and Criminal Liberties like some of the great unthinking Vulgar.

Virtue is naturally attended with many uncommon Rewards. The same unsullied Character and shining Merit, which recommended this Great Man to universal Approbation, made way for his Alliance with one of our Noblest Families: a Family of that Virtue and Reputation, that to be related to it doth honor to those of Equal, or even Superior Quality. Where Marriages are contracted without other Regards than those of Fancy or Interest, Mutual Affection is very short lived. It hath been thought sufficient, in our bad World, if Civility and Ceremony were kept up between the Parties, without either Love or Esteem. But an Union, betwixt Persons of Tempers and Virtues so Equal and Extraordinary, must be greatly Happy. He was and knew himself Happy in this Choice: So much so, that if his good Soul could entertain any thing like Uneasiness in the Mansions of Eternal Rest and Peace; if any thing could make him wish a return

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into this miserable World; it would be because so beloved a part of himself is yet behind. In the other near and sacred Relations of Life, He behaved himself with such Duty, Affection and Honor, as if He was to have been distinguished from the Vulgar as much in the answering the Obligations which God and Nature lay in common upon Mankind, as He was by his Rank and Qualifications.

The Great who are of such Abilities and Character, do honor to Courts, and adorn the Throne which they support. His Lordship had that Knowledge of the Interests of Europe, and of his own Country in particular; that Sense of the Happiness of our Constitution, and Zeal for its support; that his Merit could not escape the Notice of a Prince of his Majesty's Penetration and Judgement. He was Eminently distinguished by his Royal Master in the Early calling Him up to the House of Peers, and advancing Him to a Place of Great Honor about his Person. And had Providence been pleased to continue Him to us, there is nothing which we might not have hoped for from Him, in the Cause of Religion and Virtue, in advancing the Felicity of his Country, the security and happiness of the State.

He who thus excelled in all Human and Social Duties, shewed us much more that He knew what was immediately due to the great Father and King of the Universe. I have seen, accidentally, or otherwise his Modesty would have concealed any thing of that Nature, a Collection of Devotions for all Occasions wrote by himself, from our most Eminent Divines. Nor was his Piety confined to the
Closet

Closet; his Attendance at Chapel, when He resided in the University, Morning and Evening thro' all Seasons of the Year, was such as would have distinguished even those whose Profession and Station more particularly obliges them to it; if any Order of Men may be said to be more obliged than Others to the Public Service of God. Our Holy Altars shall witness, with what Constancy, what Seriousness and Devotion He frequented them. In this He gave us an Illustrious Example; and to speak an unpleasant Truth, but yet a Truth, there is every where no little occasion for it.

He had indeed a Soul ennobled with the Highest Sentiments of Religion, without any of the Alloys of Superstition, Formality, or Peevishness. As for those Endless and Angry Contentions which neither tend to improve our Understandings, nor better our Practice, I know very well, I speak it to his Honor, I know He despised them. But for a Sober and Rational Piety, the adoring the Perfections of God, the imitating the Life and Temper of the great Redeemer of Men, the being good and doing good, no Man valued it more in Others; none was a more shining Example of it than Himself.

One cannot enough blame, or even detest Those who for mean Ends, have Prostituted Encomiums in this Holy Place, as they have rendred the Rewards of Virtue, the most deserved Praises suspicious. But I am upon a Subject that needs not, nor can well be flattered. They that knew the least of the Lord *Harold*, know this very well. Be thus
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much then said, in Justice and Honor to my kindest Patron, and Noble Friend, to one of the Greatest and Best of the Sons of Men.

But was He such? ye Guardian Angels which watch over the Steps of the Righteous, what provoking Sin of ours averted your holy Care from this so precious a Charge? Alas, how little did He think that He swallowed Death with a few Grains of Corn, that a simple Beard of it should be as Fatal as a Poynard in the Hand of the most desperate Assassin! yet thus it was, by so seemingly trifling an Accident is He fallen. When so fine a Structure was adorned with all that the Chisel or Pencil, with all that Art or Industry could give it; one unmerciful Spark, unfortunately dropt, sets the whole in a Flame, and lays the Hopes and Expectations of many Years in Ashes. *Ye Mountains of Gilboa let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offering!* such was the imprecation of David on the Place where his beloved *Jonathan* fell: and could we wish the same without Damage to the Innocent, the same would we denounce on the unfortunate Field where another *Jonathan* fell, by so little suspected a Weapon. If Christianity allowed it, our Passions would prompt us to the same Curse on that Fatal Place; that neither Dew nor Rain might fall upon it, nor any thing Auspicious and Holy be ever attempted there. To this we might add a Thousand Lamentations, Infinite Expressions of the most Sincere Grief. And if our Tears could recall the precious Life whose loss they deplore, perhaps a greater Flood was never more deservedly to be poured forth. But alas, in vain, in vain do we

we mourn for what is done and is for ever irreversible. By ten Thousand Ways we descend to the Grave; but there is no returning, no calling back those who are once shot thro' that Gulf—— no returning thence till the Almighty's Voice recalls them: till the Trump of his Angel awakes the sleeping Nations. Wherefore then should I make disobedient and fruitless Complaints; *wherefore should I weep, tho' for my most Beloved Lord? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.*

But what is Man! how uncertain and momentary the Glories of what we style a Splendid Condition? The Family of which this Peer was the Hopes and Glory, had flourished in distinguishing Greatness for many Ages. The Head of it, after having filled one of the Greatest Posts under the late Illustrious Queen, had received an Accession of the highest Titles and Honors which a Subject is capable of. We saw Them in equal esteem, in still growing Favor with Her great Successor: And not only great, but possessed of one of the most opulent and improving Fortunes. We saw them compassed about with a numerous Progeny, and entertained pleasing Expectations of its Increase. In short nothing was wanting in Happiness which Human Wishes could aspire after. When on a sudden, lest any thing here should be too much admired or depended on, five of our Hopes Perished in a Year; and now the only apparent Successor to so much Ancient Honor and Greatness is surprizingly taken away. Alas! how Just, how Applicable, how with Tears and Pity to Mortal Condition may we remember, the

Maxim of Solomon; *Vanity of Vanities, saith the Preacher, Vanity of Vanities, all is Vanity.*

Who would not have hoped, that a Person so greatly qualified had been given by Providence, a long Blessing, to his Prince, his Noble Relations, his Country, to Mankind? Alas, from what Hopes are we fallen! How hath the Almighty been pleased to blast our Expectations; *hath covered Himself with a Cloud, that our Prayer should not pass thro*; hath took Him away in his Anger! — we must, we ought to submit to his Dealings with us. He is doubtless, always Wise, always Good, tho' his Councils are unsearchable, his Ways such as are far above our Presuming Enquiries. But the Truth may be, the Truth is we deserved not so great a Blessing. If we may forebode what is like to befall us, from the Public or Private Corruptions and Sins; we have Reason to dread impending Calamities. This Noble and Virtuous Lord might be taken from the Evil to come, from what we that are left behind have fully deserved, may justly suffer. However it is certain, and the most Solid Motive to Consolation, that such as He are fittest to die. His Coronet already shines with Brighter Glories, than the longest Services here could have obtained from a Judicious and Grateful Prince. He hath received Eternal Honors, in exchange for those, which how Fleeting, how Perishable they are, He himself is a great and memorable, to us a very Lamentable Instance.

May this great Example, of the Frailty of our Nature fix in our Minds the Sense we ought to have of it. May it by Divine Assistance, *So teach us to number*

number our Days, that we may apply our Hearts unto Wisdom. That we may be so Wise and so Discreet, as to labor in every thing to make our Calling and Election sure. That we may lay aside our Passions and Differences one with another, since we must so soon sleep together Friends and Enemies in the Dust. That we may be so wise as not to talk but live the Christian, since nothing but a good Life can or ought to give us Hope and Peace in our Deaths. That we may be so wise, as to break off our Sins, to mind every one our proper Business, to take every opportunity to improve in Virtue, to multiply our good Works; since we know not how soon we may be called to give an account of our Stewardship. In short that we may live like such as may soon, and must not long hence, be in the Condition of this Great Lord, who now mouldering into Dust.

May we learn the high and Holy Wisdom, and thereby procure to ourselves, the Love and Favor of our Creator. Blessed is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, and whose hope is in the Lord his God. Happy the Man whose Friend and Patron is God himself, whom no Time can impair, nor Accident approach, who liveth for ever and ever: who hath all Power in Heaven and Earth, perfect Wisdom, and the most tender Compassions for the Sons of Men: who loveth his Servants better than they do themselves. Blessed is he that, on good Grounds, hath fixed his hope in God, to provide him the Necessaries, support him under the many Calamities of Life; to give him an easy Passage hence, and to receive him into his own Everlasting Habitations. Thrice
and

and alone Blessed is he that hath this Friend, who if He takes from us the Delight of our Eyes, and the Joy of our Hearts, can give us New Supports; will always Protect and Bless us Himself. May He take us all into his Holy Favor, who is Wise, Perfect, and Good, who only hath Immortality. To whom be Glory for Ever and Ever.



Eud. Cheron del:

SINEPIETATE

J. Ribelin sculp.

